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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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A. L. Lennison Esq

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PULPIT ORATORY.

That a preacher should speak and read well, all hearers will allow to be a matter of no small importance. It will be readily conceded also, that some ministers are very deficient in the art of speaking and reading. I take the liberty to make some remarks on this subject, and express my opinion respecting the needful qualifications of a preacher of the gospel.

In the first place, *he must be heard.* If the audience cannot hear what is said, the preacher might as well speak 'in an unknown tongue.' Different houses of worship require different degrees in the force or loudness of the voice. The preacher may easily learn to measure with his eye the general dimensions of the houses in which he speaks. Forming his judgment by a single glance, he should then for a moment, fix his eye and attention on the farthest pews, or seats in the house, and consider himself speaking to the occupants of those distant seats.

Other qualifications, not less important, are requisite in a Christian minister. His mind and heart must be filled with his subject. 'From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' If he do not feel his subject, its truth and importance, he will not be likely to interest the feelings and reach the hearts of his hearers. He should speak experimentally. He should speak in a natural, unaffected tone, as the subject may require, now solemn, now pathetic. A stentorian, screaming voice, is unnecessary, and disgusting to the more enlightened class of hearers. He must be articulate and emphatical in speaking and reading, and generally in an even, but not monotonous voice. Too often do we hear preachers touching the highest and the lowest notes almost in the same sentence. A part of the sentence only can be heard, and that in an unnatural and unpleasant tone. Some ministers too much neglect emphasis and punctuation, both in speaking and reading. I recollect to have heard a gentleman say, that, to hear the late Dr Abbot, of Beverly, read the chapters and hymns was ample pay for going to church.

The Christian minister must not only be sincere, but must appear to his hearers to be sincere and in earnest. The reality, or only the appearance of indifference and coldness in the preacher, might prevent the good effects of the best written sermons. But let it not be supposed that I would recommend a ranting method, or a boiling zeal. Calmness and earnestness may naturally aid each other. I have known a minister, with a very poor and even unpleasant delivery, applauded and honored, because he was, said the hearers, sincere and in earnest.

The gestures of a preacher are not unworthy of remark. These should be natural, easy, and unaffected, but never violent and forced. It is disgusting and offensive to see in the pulpit the distortions of the body, the violent motions of the hands and arms, like an actor on the stage. The gestures of a preacher should be the result of feeling, and correspond to the sentiment uttered. A minister seems to me to lower the dignity of his profession and desecrate the pulpit, when he appears literally to 'beat the air,' and to be fighting some invisible enemy. But animation, engagedness, and natural gestures are essential to pulpit oratory, necessary to render the speaking agreeable and impressive.

Ministers should understand human nature, and be well acquainted with the dispositions, passions, and feelings, which generally actuate mankind. In order to this, students in divinity should frequent the best company, and occasionally mingle in social circles. A recluse,—a mere scholar, is not well qualified to preach the gospel to all classes and conditions of men. His theories may be good, but his application of them will be injudicious and powerless. A man may be acquainted with the world, and yet have his 'conversation in heaven;' he may acquaint himself with the moral condition and wants of his fellow men, and yet 'keep himself unspotted from the world.'

It is very desirable that ministers should attend to the *manner* as well as the matter of their devotional services. In prayer there should be great solemnity, but very little variation of voice and tone. The strict rules of reading, as punctuation, cadence, &c. need not be carefully observed in prayer. Speaking to God admits, and requires even, a different manner from that of addressing fellow men. The rapid, fluent, and verbose manner in which some pray is inconsistent with the nature and import of the duty. In addresses to Almighty God, we should not be 'rash to utter any thing,' but our 'words should be few and chosen,' and adapted to the occasion. There seems to be a propensity in some ministers to protract their prayers to an unreasonable and uncomfortable length. Some indeed err on the opposite extreme, and omit proper subjects. But this fault is not very common. Repetitions in public prayers should be avoided, and the design of the service kept in view. He who feels that he is speaking to God, and in behalf of his audience, as well as for himself, will be solemnized, and humble, and fervent, and self-abased. I recollect an anecdote which may not be impertinent in this place. A clergyman asked the late Rev. William Emerson, then pastor of the first church in Boston, how he could measure his prayers and prevent prolixity. The reply was, 'say nothing but what is pertinent to the occasion.' If this advice were followed, it would very much improve our public devotional services. But let not the other extreme be adopted, and devout feelings, and desires, and public interests be too much suppressed.

But it may be asked, how shall these qualifications be acquired? I answer, By great attention, labor, and practice. It was said long ago, 'Poeta nascitur, orator fit.' A poet is born, an orator is made. A young man may make himself a good speaker, though not a poet. The voices of men, and their natural organs of speech are different; but care, and pains, and use will make a good speaker, though one will, after all, be a better speaker than another. Demosthenes, the celebrated Grecian orator, was naturally a poor speaker; but he labored incessantly, till he overcame every impediment And so might our young ministers. Let me ask, Is there proper care and pains taken by our students in divinity, in regard to speaking, to prepare for the pulpit? Do the instructors of our Divinity College lay stress enough upon this branch of qualification for the pulpit?

The taste of the passing time, and the present state of religion unite in calling for eloquent preachers, commanding pulpit orators. Let this call be answered. If the preceding remarks shall contribute to effect this great object, it will amply reward the feeble, but well meant exertions of E. R.

July 18th, 1838.

The following excellent article is from the pen of Mrs Sigourney.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

The style of social intercourse, established by families and neighborhoods, has a strong influence on the unformed character of children. Naturally gregarious, the expansion of the social principle gives them pleasure. They receive their most vivid impressions through the senses; and there is a consent of the senses, in the satisfaction which awaits the coming of a guest. The cheerful preparation, which they see—the agreeable additions to the table—the putting on of the best robe—the smiling face of the welcomed friend—the kind words addressed to themselves—cause their little hearts to swell with delight.

Neither is this sharing of their good things with others an inert precept in moral regimen. It fosters a simple form of benevolence, and helps to extirpate those lesser plants of selfishness, which have a quick growth in the moist, rich soil of infancy. Children sometimes see their parents extending the rites of hospitality to the sick friend, or the sorrowful stranger; and they imbibe that class of deeper sympathies, which flow forth toward the homeless and the poor. Nor are these lessons of love to their race of little value. The happiness learned, from seeing others happy, is better than that which is derived from solitary acquisition. The pleasure thus reflected from the smile of a guest, is one of the rudiments of benevolence.

Permit your young children, therefore, whenever it is proper, to share the warmth of an unceremonious hospitality. For this reason, as well as for others still more important, be strenuous to secure for them the privileges of a *home.* The custom, so prevalent in our large cities, of abandoning house-keeping, and becoming lodgers, either in public hotels, or private families, is fraught with evils. When such an arrangement is the result of necessity, it should be submitted to, like any other form of adversity. But if parents could, by any additional economy, or increase of personal exertion, maintain their own table and family-altar, they should do it for the sake of their little ones. However small may be the nest where their new-fledged offspring are nurtured, no matter, if they can only brood over it with their own wing. Under the roof of another, the husband and father can neither command the respect, or exercise the authority, which are his prerogatives; nor the wife exhibit, before those who fashion themselves after her model, the full beauty and energy of conjugal and maternal example. But especially are young children restrained in their freedom and happiness, and compelled to feel somewhat of the melancholy distrust of strangers and exiles. Instead of being cheered, by seeing their parents, like the fixed stars, diffusing blessings to the remotest satelite, they behold them, like wandering planets, seeking light and heat from others; or, perhaps, like comets, whose true rotation has never been calculated, careering through and perplexing other systems.

It is, indeed, most desirable, that little children should enjoy the comforts of a home, and share the cordial of true hospitality. But it is almost equally desirable, that they should be sheltered from the ostentatious and heartless intercourse which fashion authorizes. Every entrance of it under their own roof, interferes with their accommodation and quiet. Parents and domestics are absorbed in preparations, which to them are mysteries. The access of ornaments, the array of fashionable garniture, the heaping together of luxuries, are not for them. The attention of those whom they love is turned away, or monopolized by objects which they cannot understand. They shrink back to their nurseries, dispirited and forsaken. Perhaps they expend upon each other their heightened consciousness of unhappiness, while the ruling minds that should regulate their tempers are elsewhere.

Yet this is but the lighter shade of the evil. Imagine them exposed, as it sometimes happens, to the excitement of the scene. If the party is not very large, the mother consents that they should just appear. Now, here is a new and wonderful happiness. The little casuists are busy to know in what it consists. Varied and splendid costumes strike their eye. Ah! fine dress must be happiness. Will they henceforth be more likely to esteem humble virtue, in plain attire? They see many rich viands. These are surely a species of happiness. Their appetites are solicited, either to be repelled, or to be indulged at the expense of health and simplicity of taste. If they have been adorned and exhibited for the occasion, they will be familiarized to the dangerous nutriment of flattery. 'How pretty!' 'What beautiful creatures!' will be the exclamations of the unthinking, or of the sycophants who wish to ingratiate themselves with the parents. The little wondering heart lifts up its valve, and receives the stimulant. Its humility and chastened resolves are put to flight. Affectation, and admiration of self, prematurely enter. The tare is not only *among* the wheat, but *before* it. If the little beings have not forfeited their frankness, ten to one but you may hear in words, as well as in conduct, 'I don't love to do as I am told—nor to get my lesson—and it is no matter—for I am sure that I am a pretty and a beautiful creature.'

But the principle of display is not more destructive to the natural and happy simplicity of childhood, than the routine of fashionable visiting to the welfare of true hospitality. The more artificial and ostentatious we become, the farther we recede from that hospitality which reason sanctions as a virtue, and the voice of Inspiration enjoins as a duty. In ancient times, it flourished like a vigorous plant. Beneath its branches, the traveller found shelter from the noonday sun, and a covert from the storm.

Yet, in proportion as nations have advanced in refinement, they have neglected its culture. They may, indeed, have hedged it about with ceremonies, or encumbered it with trappings but its verdure has been suffered to fade, and its root to perish. Like the stripling shepherd it has drooped beneath the gorgeous armor of royalty. Among the smooth stones of the brook, it would better have found the defence that it needed.

Under the oak, at Mamre, it sat with the patriarch, and entertained angels. It lingered amid oriental climes, as in a congenial atmosphere, and has never utterly forsaken the tent of the wandering Arab. With a cowled head, it shrouded itself in cloisters; and, for ages, neither pilgrim or mendicant touched the bell at the convent-gate in vain. The chosen people, in the infancy of their nation, revered its injunctions; for they were twined with the most tender and thrilling recollections, and fortified by a command from Jehovah: 'The Lord our God loveth the stranger; *love ye*, therefore, the stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.' The Moslem, amid his ferocity and despotism, regards the rites of hospitality. He expresses his sense of the solemnity of its requisitions, by the proverb anciently incorporated with his language, 'When the stranger saith *alas!* the heart of Allah is wounded.' Some uncivilized nations have offered a rude homage at its shrine. The roving tribes of the North American forests spread their only blanket for the stranger's bed. They set before him the last morsel of food, though their households are in danger of famine. When the Old World paid its first visit to the New, the Mexicans saluted the men of Spain with clouds of fragrant incense, not knowing how soon it was to be quenched in their own blood. The modern South American republics still welcome their guests with the simple offering of a fresh flower.

Most of the refined nations of our own times entrust the usages of hospitality to the keeping of the gentler sex. Especially in this new western world, the household gods, those Lares and Penates of the Romans, are cordially entrusted to our care. Elevated as we now are, by intellectual advantages, beyond all previous example, it might rationally be expected, that a degree of lustre and dignity, heretofore unknown, would dignify social intercourse. Still, we see it very prominently identified with the pleasures of the table. To make the satisfactions of the palate the principal tests of hospitality, seems to accord with a less refined state of society, or to augur some destitution of intellectual resource. Would our ladies set the example of less elaborate entertainments—of less exuberant feastings, more room would be left for the mental powers to expand, and the feelings to seek interchange, in conversation. At least, they might save their husbands' purses, their servants' tempers, and themselves a world of fatigue. Let them recollect, that it is but a relic of barbarism which they cherish, when they allure their guests to indulgence of appetite, perhaps to hurtful excess; for temptations of the palate, though they may be multiplied by the hospitable lady out of pure benevolence, cannot be yielded to with impunity by all whom her invitations thus expose. Her skill in culinary compounds may wound the health of those whom she best loves. It would be but a sorry compliment, for the dyspeptic husband to murmur forth, like him of Eden, his sad extenuation, 'The woman, whom thou gavest to be with me, gave me, and I did eat;' or for the more igdignant guest, when seeking his physician, to exclaim, 'The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.'

It was formerly too much the custom to press, among the pledges of hospitality, the draught that inebriates. More light, and a better creed, have modified this practice. But still it is not extinct. If it be asked, why the Christian inhabitants of a most Christian land should choose, as the interpreter of their hospitality, an usage more dangerous than the sword of Damocles, there is no better answer than '*Because it is the fashion.*' The cup will not, indeed, mark him who partakes with its immediate poison: but may it not foster what shall rankle in his veins, with fatal contagion, threatening not only the body, but the soul?

When philosophers have inquired, how women, whose happiness and safety are so deeply involved in the purity of those around, could thus dare to trouble the fountains of temperance and of virtue, the only reply has been, '*It is the fashion.*' Holy men, the guardians of God's altar, have demanded, why she hath been thus faithless to her trust. And she hath answered, '*It is the fashion.*' But when the garniture is stripped from all earthly things—when that dread assembly is convened, where none will dare to plead the omnipotence of *fashion*—when a voice from the throne of the Eternal, questions of the plague-spot upon the soul of the guest, the brother, the husband, or the child—*what shall the response be?*—*N. Y. Mirror.*

L. H. S.

OLD SCOTTISH DIALECT.

We have here a specimen of this style of writing, and at the same time some excellent instruction for the faithful and profitable reading of the word of God. It was written about the year 1556.

'And thairfor, deir brethrene, yf that ye luke for a lyfe to come, of necessitie it is that ye exercise in the buke of the Lord your God. Let na day slip over without sum comfort ressavit fra the mouth of God; opin your earis, and Hie will speak evin pleasing thingis to your hart; clois not your eis, but diligentlie lat theme behald what portion is left to you within your fatheris tastament; let your toungis learne to prais the gracious goodness of him wha of his meir mercie hath callit you fra darkness to lyght, and fra deth to lyfe. Nether yit may ye do this sa quyetlie that ye will admit na witnessis; nay, brethrene, ye ar ordeynit of God to reule and governe your awn houssis in his trew fere, and according to his halie word. Within your awn houssis, I say, in sum casis ye are bishopis and kingis; your wyffes, children, and familie are your bishoprick and charge; of you it sal be requirit how carefullie and diligentlie ye have instructit theme in Godis trew knowledge; and how that you have studeit in theme to plant vertue and to repress vyce. And therfore, I say, ye must mak thame partakeris in reading, exhortation, and in making [illegible], studie to praccommendis; and ll never heir nor reid the same without frute. And this mekill for the exercises within your housis.'—*Knox's Letter of Instruction to the Protestants of Scotland during his absence.—Gospel Messenger.*

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

'When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away in to the nightfall of age, and the shadows of past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look back, through the vista of time, upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away, in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through, will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are they, whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching, in the evening of life.'

Two articles, one entitled 'Our Birth Days,' and the other 'Our Wedding Days,' have appeared in the Knickerbocker. They were designed to present to view many of those interesting scenes which distinguish the period between the dawn of infancy and the meridian of human life; to trace the gradual formation of early wishes continually expanding, and the aspirations of young ambition, in its advance to the cares and business of the world, and the realization of anticipated happiness, not only in the morning of connubial promises and hopes, but in the calm and retirement of the family circle, amidst its kind, and mild, and purifying influences. Some advice has been offered, and some suggestions have been made, in the hope that they might awaken more particular attention to the discharge of those duties and delightful offices, on which the happiness of home so essentially depends; which assuredly serve to brighten those chains which connect hearts with hearts, here on earth; and, what is of more vital importance, may prepare those hearts for never-ending communion in the regions of love, purity, and peace, in Heaven. In our early days, we are constantly extending our upward view to the elevated landscapes spread out before us. Our ambition is continually prompting us to ascend, till we can reach them, and join the happy multitudes who possess and enjoy them. In this prospective and distant view, we perceive unnumbered charms, but we have no distinct vision of the scenes beyond. In process of time, in various paths, we advance; and, as we advance, we discover the elevation to be less than we had imagined: and as soon as we arrive at the summit, we see that the plain is not so extensive as we had supposed; and find that the ground soon becomes gradually descending to the shadowy vale of years. To this vale, our view is now more particularly to be directed, and to the search for those avenues which may be the most smooth, peaceful, and pleasant.

We are now to consider ourselves as having arrived at that stage of our earthly journey, from which the place of its termination becomes every year more and more distinctly discernible. We perceive a gradual change in the climate, and an autumnal coolness in the air, as we advance: the verdure has lost much of its freshness; and the fading colors around us remind us that we are in the neighborhood of life's sober twilight, and solitude, and decay. Such, at least, is the prospect to the general observer, and such are the reasoning and the conclusions which are constantly commanding our attention. Such scenes as these are of an instructive character. They call to our remembrance the flatteries of the world, and its thousand broken promises, and teach us to depend for our contentment and happiness upon other sources than those which satisfied our desires in the days of the heart's sunshine, while indulging in the pride of health and prospect. We must search for these sources, and secure a supply from them. Their waters may not be so sparkling as those we loved in former years, but they are more salubrious and composing. The holidays of the heart may not be so gay and joyous, but its seasons of thanksgiving will be calm and peaceful. What then are these sources? They are numerous, and accessible to all. It is true, that in all periods of life, sickness or sorrow may visit us, and infuse bitterness into our cup. For these, allowances must always be made, in our estimates of happiness: but making proper deductions on this account, it will be found that life's evening, and its near approach to it, have their fair proportion, of substantial peace and comfort.

In the first place, we have the benefit of those lessons which we have been taught by experience; and foolish experiments we shall not be inclined to repeat. We shall be on our guard against temptations, knowing how we are surrounded by them, and knowing also their power. The young are always trying experiments; the aged have seen their uselessness, and avoid them. Youth is a bold and imprudent speculator; Age is cautious, and deals more in realities than in castle-building. Hence the pains and mortifications of disappointment seldom destroy or impair its peace of mind. In the next place, the feelings and passions, which make so much display in the early part of life, in old age become calm and subdued; at least their motion is more gentle and pacific. Anger and resentment are found to be disorderly and disturbing inmates of the bosom; and they will soon be expelled by those whose experience has taught them the miseries which such intruders always occasion. In the third place, in old age, our friendships become matured; and our friends are estimated according to what we consider their deserts; whereas the hasty friendships, as they are called, formed in early life, are frequently dangerous to one or both of the parties: they are formed at random, too often, and end in misfortune. A want of experience occasions thousands of these temporary alliances, which are productive of no valuable results. Old friends are like old wine—more pure, more loved, and more medicinal, than new. 'A faithful friend is the medicine of life;' and when experience is added to fidelity, so much the better.

Again. Go into the family circle, and see the venerable heads of it, whose hands and hearts have been joined for half a century. They have become acquainted with each other's desires, failings, and virtues; and if the world frowns, they are from habit inclined to aid and comfort each other. Their happiness and duty cannot be separated. If any thing is necessary to strengthen their mutual affection and add to the harmony of home, they find it in the consciousness of having been faithful in the education of their children, by planting in their hearts the seeds of religion and virtue. If old age is not a season of pure enjoyment, with a competency, the fault must have been occasioned by early aberrations, or a sinful apostacy from known duty. It is true that the remarks immediately preceding are only *generally* correct. There is in society a melancholy catalogue of exceptions; but such is human nature, and such are the frailties and follies of man.

To a certain proportion of mankind—such as the literary, and those whose circumstances place them above the necessity of labor or business, and who are fond of reading and indulging in matters of taste—the evening of life affords especial opportunities for the most tranquil enjoyments, arising from the view of the past, the present, and the future; and it is the happy season for solemn meditation on subjects of eternal moment: and for this last purpose, the season is most interesting to all, whatever may be the external circumstances which distinguish their lot in life. The foregoing observations have reference to *some* of the comforts of old age, as they are seen to exist, arising out of the employments, habits, dispositions, tastes, and views, of people, as they approach the vale of years. It is true, that in countless instances they are imperfect and unsatisfying comforts. They are too often, merely occasional and transitory: but man's imprudence or misconduct gives them this character. Such being the sorrowful truth, the philosopher and the moralist are anxious to change the aspect of society, and by inducing mankind to observe the only true regimen, to increase the moral health, and preserve it in purity and strength, when bodily disabilities are constantly increasing. Let us then resort to the only medicine which possesses the necessary virtue to sustain the health of the heart, and its best affections, not only in the summer of life, but in its waning autumn, and the cold climate of its winter. The only sure way to guard against this climate, is to be constantly preparing for it. Such a preparation renders our approach toward it by no means unwelcome, because it is so gradual. In a word, a *virtuous life* is the only one which can give serenity and peace during the last act of life's drama. The calm beauty of its evening is generally the natural consequence of a fair morning, properly improved in preparation for the labors and duties of its busy day: and the faithful discharge of these duties will procure those treasures which will last, and preserve their virtues till the close of the evening. We have abundant assurance that such is the course, in the moral as well as the natural world. They who, when young, cultivate kind and affectionate dispositions, will imperceptibly surround themselves with friends, and receive courtesy and kindness from all. The same remark will apply to those in the meridian of life. Sincerity, integrity, and truth, always will command respect, and secure the homage of all hearts, except the hearts of those 'whose censure is praise, and whose good opinion is scandal.' In old age, virtue will always enjoy and inspire confidence: and the peace of mind which an old man, walking in the path of honor and truth, displays to those around him, insensibly awakens in them a love of virtue, and kindles the desire of imitation. We are not aware of the extent of that influence which the Christian and good man, without seeming to know it, exerts on all around. His atmosphere is all health and purity.

It should be remembered, that a large portion of those miseries which multitudes suffer in old age, are penalties which they are doomed to endure, as the usual consequences of irregular habits, violent passions, unhallowed desires, or unpardonable carelessness. Heaven thus teaches wisdom; and yet how few attend to the lessons given them! Let these solemn truths never be forgotten, by the rising or the risen generation. To be sure, there are miseries which age is doomed to suffer, that seem to be the effects of pure misfortune: but what we call misfortunes, too often are occasioned by imprudence or inattention. Afflictions must come, according to the order of nature. Sickness distresses our friends, as well as ourselves; and *their* death wounds our hearts. Still, in all these cases, the good man finds peace in the retrospect of life, and is sustained by hopes, and considerations, and humble trust, when he extends his view beyond the valley before him. His life may have been, at certain periods of it, covered with clouds and gloom, and even storms may have overtaken him. Still he is at peace with himself and all around him. In the same manner we often witness days in succession, during which no sunshine gladdens the earth, and the elements are in wild and destructive commotion; yet before those days have closed, the heavens have presented to view the western horizon all mild, cloudless, and beautiful, and glowing with the promises of a morning of serenity and softness. The setting sun of the good man is equally peaceful, and full of promise. Heaven grant that ours may be such! To gain this blessing should be the unceasing business of life—the constant aspiration of the heart. Whatever may be our sphere of action, we all have our duties; and our great aim should be, to perform them properly. Time is on the wing. Youth soon rises into manhood; manhood is for a while buried in the midst of cares, pleasures, and anxieties, and then hastens on toward his last resting place. Let us all, in view of 'Life's Evening,' and the solemnities which are associated with it, sincerely endeavor *to be*, as well as *appear* to be, such as we *ought* to be. This is no time for deceiving others or ourselves. Let us not depend on the flattery of our epitaphs, inscribed by the hand of affection, and therefore deceptive and overdrawn; nor let us repose our confidence in the comforting aphorism, that 'Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after him.' Let us establish our own characters, as good and worthy, and deserve them. Let this be our earthly crown of rejoicing. A poet of feeling and sensibility has, in the two following lines, beautifully described the good man's exit:

'Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expires so soft.'

Portland (Maine) June, 1838. SENEX.

Translated for the Register and Observer.

GERMAN PARABLES.

11. *The mountain wanderers.*

Three young men whose parents lived in the vale of Sharon, made a resolve in common to ascend mount Tabor, the loftiest in the land of Judea, and to see the sun rise, from its top, and to contemplate the splendor of Earth. They walked through the valley in the heat of the day, and at evening stopped in a tavern, at the foot of the mountain. And they said, Here will we rest and gather new strength, with which before the dawn of day we may climb up to the top of the mountain.

Dothan and Eli, the eldest of these three young men did so. They eat a bowl of bread and milk, and lay down on their couch and fell asleep; but the youngest, whose name was Joses, said, I will come back soon to lie down with you, you need not wait for me. So when the others were gone into their chambers, Joses betook him to another apartment of the house, where, cymbals and flutes were sounding. And there was a company of silly youngsters and light headed girls, who were enjoying themselves in games and dances, with full goblets. They said to Joses, come and drink with us and let your heart be full of good things. This pleased Joses well, and he drank with them and became drunk, so that about midnight they took him up and carried him to bed.

Now when the dawn broke, Dothan and Eli awoke and stood up, but Joses lay and slept. They awoke him, and shook him, and called to him. But he opened his eyes and said, No, let me alone, I can't go with you, for I am very sick and weary. So he fell asleep again.

Now the two others went on, and walked slowly up to the top of mount Tabor. They saw the breaking of day, the glory of the morning-red, and the ascent of the sun, as if he had come out of the sea. They fell on their faces and prayed. Then they embraced each other, and vowed before God, to walk in everlasting friendship.

Now when they came down into the tavern they found Joses, with heavy eyes. He was resting his head on his hands, and complained of pain in all his body. But the youths began to speak of the glory of God, which they had seen, and their eyes sparkled. Then Joses wept and complained bitterly, that by his own crime and love of Earthly things, Heaven had escaped him. And he vowed never again to give lust a place in his heart.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TURNER'S CHEMISTRY.

Mr Editor—The following beautiful tribute to the memory of the late author of the above work is from the pen of my friend Professor Whewell, President of the London Geological Society. It is extracted from the anniversary discourse before that body. Perhaps you may think it worth a place in your paper.

Lowell Aug. 3d. S. L. D.

'Among the members of our body whom we have lost, there is one whom we cannot but mention with more than common emotion, endeared as he was to many of us by private friendship, and admired by all for his talents, his knowledge, and his services. Dr Edward Turner, Professor of Chemistry in the London University, filled the office of our secretary for five years, and subsequently was two years Vice President, which situation he held at the time of his death in February 1837. Of Dr Turner's private virtues, and of the charm of his society I must not here speak. I will not allow myself to dwell on the admirable clearness and precision of his thoughts as expressed in conversation—upon the delightful openness and candor of his character—upon the kind and gentle cheerfulness of his demeanor, the genuine fruit of a deep, habitual religious feeling. But I may take this occasion to say that in him, chemistry suffered a loss, not only great—for that all would at once say,—but much greater and more difficult to repair than may at first sight appear. Dr Turner entertained a conviction (I am stating the result of many interesting conversations which I have held with him) that the time was come, when the chemist could not hope to follow out the fortunes of his science, and to read in her discoveries their full meaning, without being acquainted with the language and master of the resources of mathematics. Acting upon this enlightened view, he did not hesitate to encounter the great labor and exertion of a course of study in the higher mathe-

matics; and he succeeded entirely in making himself a good mathematician. He was one of the very few, who, in our country, labor at a branch of chemistry which is of the highest importance to us as geologists; but which we may suppose from its laborious and intricate nature, appears to repel our most active chemists; I mean that portion of chemistry, which is connected with mineralogy. Yet this department is, in truth, more inviting than it may at first appear. No doubt in it, clear mathematical conceptions are necessary, and perhaps some little training in mathematics; but there is good promise that the labour which this line of investigation demands will be rewarded. I am fully persuaded that there is no portion of the frontier line of our knowledge of which we can so certainly say, 'Here we are on the brink of great discoveries.' Had Dr Turner been spared to us some years longer, I know of no one who was more likely to have had a principal share in such discoveries. He was able to deal with the atomic theory in a mode which combines the resources of the skilful analytical chemist, with the rigor of the mathematical reasoner; a combination which the right prosecution of that theory requires, but which has not always been found in its cultivators.

Dr Turner lectured on chemistry at the London University from its foundation in 1828; he was there surrounded by students whose affection he gained by his kindness, as well as their admiration by the clearness of his teaching. He was snatched from science at the early age of thirty nine, having been born in the Island of Jamaica in 1796—He studied anatomy at Edinburgh, and chemistry at Gottingen, under the able chemist Stromeyer, to whom he dedicated his Elements of Chemistry a work which has had, as it well deserves, a very wide circulation among students.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday Night is one of those resting places in the journey of life, when it becomes every man to cast an eye upon his accounts. To settle with the world and his conscience. The business of the week is easily compassed—its events are so fresh in the recollection, that all its mistakes are easily rectified; and its expeperience turned to good account. The man of business should then look over his books, examine his outstanding debts, and see that all is straight and safe—this frequent perusal is the more important if his accounts are numerous—He must be ever watchful. The man who knows exactly how he stands in the world every Saturday night will not be a poor man. Then he should examine the book of conscience—review his words and actions, his motives and his feelings, during the past week; if anything is wrong, mark it, and carry the remembrance of it into the next week, that he may avoid its repetition—aiming ever to model his thoughts and words, and actions, all his open and secret conduct by the golden rule. And as every man owes constant returns of active gratitude to the great and wise Ruler of the universe, which he cannot discharge better than by deeds of charity, it would be well to finish the settlement by appropriating a portion of the clear profits of the week to such a purpose, to be distributed to the most proper objects.

A PRAYER OF BISHOP SANDFORD IN AFFLICTION.

'Among his papers after his decease, was found the following prayer, which bears date the day on which the information of his bereavement reached him: 'The hand of God is upon us for correction and instruction. Pardon, gracious and merciful Father, the infirmity of nature, which shrinks from the trial. O sanctify this visitation to our eternal good. Enable us at thy bidding, to sacrifice the sorrows as well as the joys of this world. Thou gavest, thou hast taken away,—blessed be thy name. I acknowledge before thee, in humility and self-abasement, that I have never sufficiently considered the uncertainty of human life: that I have received thy blessings without sufficiently remembering from whose hands they came, and my dependence upon thee. Thou hast been pleased, by the removal of my very precious child, to teach me my folly and sin. Thou hast taken away the desire of mine eyes with a stroke. To her, I doubt not, that the dispensation is one of mercy; and I thank thee, O unfeignedly do I thank thee, my merciful God, that, according to all human judgment, she was prepared for her awful change, by the grace which thou hadst given her. As a parent I bless thee for the comfort which, during her life, I ever experienced from her obedience and dutiful affection. Why, therefore, should I be unwilling to resign her to thy will? Teach me, blessed Lord, submission. I confess my weakness,—I implore most earnestly that help which Thou alone canst bestow. I feel this sorrow weigh down my heart; support me, that I may resign myself and all my concerns to thee. From the bottom of my heart do I desire to kiss thy rod, and for the remainder of my life in this world to do nothing but with a view to thy glory, and the forwarding the effects of all thy righteous dispensations towards me. Accept, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, O Father of mercies, of the poor offering which I bring unto thee; it is a broken and feeble, but a contrite spirit. I would not offend thee with my lamentations; teach me to control them. I know, O Lord, that it is of very faithfulness that thou hast caused us to be troubled, that thou dost not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. May I presume to believe, that we are not cast out from thy presence, when thou chastenest; rather may I not hope that this fatherly chastisement is a proof of love; that thou watchest over us for good, and having seen that we required it, hast brought this trial upon us. O give us grace then to accept and to improve thy chastisement. May it wean us from sin, from vanity, and the world. May this solemn experience of the imbecility of our present condition, rouse us to a right use of the time lent us; that, having endeavored to fulfil thy will, we may be ready when we are also called away,—that we may hereafter rejoin, and rejoice with her who is gone before us, forever and ever, in the presence of God and Jesus Christ our Lord.'

There is among men so great a contrariety of judgment, dispositions, and interests, that they can never agree among themselves, and if you please one, the rest will be thereby displeased. You will displease this man's enemy, by pleasing himself. If you are of one party, you offend the other. And how can you serve all interests at once? For my part, I mean to see the world better agreed among themselves, before I make it my ambition to please them.—*Barter.*

For the Register and Observer.

THE CHEROKEE.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

An old man and his family were called upon by a company of armed men to march to the fort. He started, then paused, looked wistfully at the soldiers, and made one request—and what do you think it was? Why, simply that he might be permitted to pray with his wife and children in the cabin once more before they left forever. The request was granted. They knelt down, and with that fervor peculiar to an oppressed soul, they poured forth their sorrows before God, who hears the cry and vindicates the cause of injured and bleeding innocence. They arose from their knees bathed in tears, kindly shook hands with all the soldiers, affectionately embraced each other, and turned their backs on all they held dear on earth, to see it no more forever. They wept—the soldiers wept—and who indeed could have done otherwise?—*Letter to editor of the Abingdon Statesman, in last week's Register.*

'And must I leave my forest home?'
The humbled warrior said;
'My head is white, and I shall soon
Pass to rejoin my dead;
I have grown old amid these haunts,
And reared my children here;
Here is my corn, and here my gourd,
And here the fallow deer.

'Here is my altar where to kneel,
Ere toils of day begin;—
Like thee I had my household gods,
And they are here, within.
It is to me a hallowed spot,
Spread out with cherished things;
And more of wealth it hath for me,
Than treasury of kings.

'Birth hath it cheered and sanctified,
And twined it to my heart;
And childhood's mirth and song endeared,
How can I then depart?
Each fastness, and each rock and cave
Are linked with boyhood's dream;
And these old hoary sycamores
As boon companions seem.

'Their stooping top and bearded branch,
Grow perfect by my side;
And these deep, broad, and bridgeless streams
My thirst have ever dried.
These are the charms that to my heart
Its solitude hath bound;
But firmer, holier ties it hath—
My dead repose around.

'Oh must I leave it?'—To his cheek
The tear of anguish rushed,
And from his spirit's fountain forth,
Grief as in childhood gushed.
He paused, then gazed once more around,
And wept without control;
Then one request he made, and quenched
The sorrow of his soul.

'Thy missionaries taught, in grief
To bend to God and pray;
For that within my cabin yet
One moment let me stay—
I would with these my children kneel,
And feel my spirit free
Once more, and then my treasured things,
Ay, *all*, I 'll yield to thee.'

Within that lowly forest hut,
That sanctified recess,
They bent, as God's own children bund—
Were blest, as he can bless.
Was this the passport that he bore,
My country, to His throne—
Thy faithless pledge, thy wresting hand?
—Rescind the wrong thou 'st done!

He rose all girded with the strength
That will through trial bear,
Then pressed each palm, and with farewell,
He blent forgiveness there.
'Come, I am filled with holy faith,
And nerved to leave the spot;
Take all, but, oh, that sepulchre!—
White man, profane it not!'

Lowell, Aug. 1838.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 11, 1838.

RENUNCIATION OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

Rev. J. Miller McKim, formerly a minister of the Presbyterian Church, has found reason to renounce his adherence to the Creed of that body and especially to declare his disbelief in the doctrine of the Atonement. He has addressed a letter, on the occasion, to the Presbytery of Wilmington, which has been published, and of which we have received a copy. It may be interesting to some of our readers to be made acquainted with the history of this revolution in his sentiments; we therefore copy a few of the introductory pages of the pamphlet, which briefly sketch the origin and progress of the change, and are succeeded by a particular statement of objections to the doctrine of the Atonement.

"To the Presbytery of Wilmington:

Dear Brethren:—I have a communication to make, the purport of which is, both to you and myself, a matter of some importance and interest. It has become a duty which I owe to you and to the Presbyterian church, with which I at present stand connected, to announce the fact, that my views of doctrinal truth have of late undergone such changes, as to make it improper for me any longer to profess adherence to her standards. The force of this remark you will perceive at once, when I tell you, that I can no longer give my assent to one of the most prominent doctrines of the Calvinistic and Presbyterian creed—the doctrine of a *vicarious atonement.*

I can conceive of the unpleasant sensations which this annunciation will awaken in the bosoms of many of you, and truly reluctant am I to take a step which will give rise to such feelings. Nothing but a deep and settled conviction of duty—duty which I believe I owe to conscience, to truth, and to God—could have constrained me to pursue this course. I shall not attempt to describe the conflicts of mind through which I have passed, in coming to my present position, nor the tumultuous emotions which have agitated my bosom, when contemplating the performance of this task. This I could not do, if I were disposed. It may not be improper, however, to give you some general account of the stages through which my mind has passed in its progress from my former to my present views. Such an account, with what shall follow, will show what opinions, formerly entertained, I now reject; what views I adopt in their place; with some of the reasons by which I have been governed.

I was educated from my infancy, as some of you know, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. It was not, however, until about seven years since, that I felt sufficient interest in the subject of religion, as a matter of personal importance, formally to attach myself to a particular branch of it, as a regular member. About that time I united myself with the Presbyterian church of Carlisle; and about the same time believing it to be my duty to devote myself to the work of the ministry, I commenced a course of studies with that work in view, under the direction of my friend and pastor, Mr George Duffield. As was to be expected, I adopted the doctrinal tenets of the church in which I had been reared, and with which alone I had any acquaintance. This I did the more readily, as I was accustomed, situated where I was, to the most liberal construction of these tenets. Mr Duffield, I need not tell you, is a practical preacher, and at the same time a man of very philosophical mind; in his exhibitions of truth, therefore, public and private, the doctrines of Calvin were divested of much of their ancient severity, and presented in such a modified and modernised form, as to make them appear rational and easy to be received. For several years after I commenced my theological studies, nothing occurred to induce me to call in question the truth of any of these doctrines. On the contrary, all my reading, and all the preaching I heard, and the private instructions to which I listened, were of such a character as to confirm my belief of their correctness, and to assure me that those who rejected any of them, were guilty of 'damnable and soul-ruining heresies.'

In the course of my theological preparation, however, it so happened, that circumstances which I need not here mention, threw me into the society of persons of different denominations who were entire unbelievers in the peculiar doctrines of orthodoxy. Some of these were of a class which I had been accustomed to regard as heretics of the most pestiferous kind. Opportunities were afforded me of becoming acquainted with their moral character and governing principles. I found that the morals of many of them were of the purest and most irreproachable kind, and that they were under the practical influence of the most elevated religious sentiment. I was satisfied that in their actions, and in the feelings they manifested, these persons, whom I had been taught to regard as heretics, gave evidence of regeneration as unequivocal as I had ever seen manifested by the most orthodox—notwithstanding, they intelligently and deliberately denied the doctrine of a *vicarious atonement.* These things I found hard to reconcile. I conversed with them, and heard the reasons of their belief. My faith in my previous doctrinal views was shaken. My mind was put upon inquiry. I read, and thought, and sought for light upon the subject, with intense interest. For months my mind was in a continuous conflict. At times, I was so far satisfied of the fallacy of my former views, as to be on the point of announcing my unbelief. But a thought of the consequences of such a step would appal and deter me. I was in the midst of a community in which there was not one, to my knowledge, that would be likely to sympathize with me. Any intimations I had given of scepticism on these points, were received with apparent horror by my acquaintances. I felt that if I yielded to the impulse of my temporary convictions, I should be cut off from Christian fellowship, my name would be cast out as evil, my opportunities of usefulness perhaps destroyed, and my fair prospects all blasted. I began to distrust my own judgment, and felt disposed to yield to the opinion of men, whom I deemed wiser and better than myself. I heard and read again on the side of orthodoxy. No longer submitting to the decisions of reason alone, as I had previously been disposed to do, I directed my attention more especially to the testimony of the Scriptures. This I collated with some care, and on the principles of interpretation, by which I was *then* governed, my conclusion was, that the doctrine of a vicarious atonement, was scriptural, and as a consequence, that I was bound to retain it. My mind was now sufficiently satisfied to be at rest; and I had nothing more to do but to reconcile as well as I could this doctrine with the dictates of reason. This, although I honestly believed in its truth, I was never able to do to my own satisfaction.

Soon after this, I presented myself to the Presbytery of Carlisle as a candidate for licensure. It was at a time when party feeling ran high between the Old and New School, as the two divisions were designated. I was of the latter party, which in that Presbytery was greatly in the minority. Of course (as it has since appeared to me,) my application for licensure was refused. The ostensible grounds of this refusal, was, 'unsoundness in the faith;' and the proof of my 'unsoundness' was, that I taught that the regeneration of a sinner was *wholly a moral change;* that although produced by the spirit, it was, notwithstanding, always *through the medium of truth.* This and all other doctrines which I held, I regarded as perfectly consistent with my profession of adherence to the Westminster confession of faith, as containing a system of the doctrines taught in the Scriptures.

After being thus refused, my next step was to retire from the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Carlisle, and put myself under the care of your body. This I did; and I shall not soon forget the cordial and Christian spirit with which you received me, nor the kindness and friendly feeling you have ever since manifested towards me. Under your care I went through my preparatory exercises *de novo*, and in due time was licensed to preach; and after the lapse of some further time, when called to the charge of a congregation, as a 'stated supply,' was 'regularly ordained' by you as a minister of the gospel.

I continued in my pastoral charge for about one year. During that time objections to the correctness of some of my views would frequently present themselves; these I made it a point to waive however, feeling strong reluctance to go regularly into their examination. Particularly was I reluctant to grapple with the objections, my mind was ever and anon suggesting, to the popular doctrine of atonement; and I was never quite satisfied that my logic, when discussing this subject and attempting to dispose of these difficulties, was perfectly free from flaws. I always on such occasions found my task a hard one; still I was inclined to attribute this difficulty to defectiveness of my own mind, rather than unsoundness of the doctrine.

At the expiration of the year before mentioned, believing that I might thereby better subserve the interests of humanity, and the cause of true religion, I accepted the appointment of agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The duties of this office obliged me to travel and mix extensively among persons of various shades of religious belief. My mind was again put upon inquiry—my former doubts and difficulties returned with redoubled force. Yielding to their suggestions, I was soon so far convinced of the untenableness of some of my former opinions, especially those which related to the doctrine of atonement, that I could not, when called upon to preach, feel free to inculcate the orthodox view of that subject. Feeling, however, the importance of not moving hastily, and believing that my difficulties might be removed by a further examination, I determined not to announce my scepticism, until my mind was fully made up. In the mean time, when called upon to preach the word, I confined myself to subjects strictly practical—subjects on which my own mind was clear, and in which all could fully unite; this course I have pursued up to this time; but I feel under obligation now to change my ground—my mind is made up. After nearly two years' anxious thought and earnest inquiry, *I am fully satisfied that the popular doctrine of a vicarious atonement is a doctrine of human invention, and does not properly belong to the Christian religion.*"

The number of clergymen and others who have within 20 years renounced the creeds of different sects and become decided and zealous Unitarians, is very large; while it has very rarely happened that individuals have left the ranks of Unitarians.

We have very good reason to believe that there are vast numbers of persons who are nominally believers in the Trinity and a vicarious atonement &c., who are at heart dissatisfied and unpersuaded of the truth of these doctrines; and who, if they had the honesty and independence of Mr McKim, would not hesitate to break from the bondage of error, and avow themselves Unitarians at once.

MR SEWALL'S SERMON ON THE SUNDAY AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE HOSPITAL.

We have read this sermon with great interest. A friend has sent a notice of it, to which we yield our own. We have however enlarged the limits of the extract which he had marked.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A Sermon preached at Scituate, on Lord's Day, May 29th, 1838, by Edmund Q. Sewall, Pastor of the First Church. Published by request.

We have read this discourse with great satisfaction, partly from sympathy in the event that occasioned it, and partly as a beautiful exhibition, drawn from personal experience, of the benefits, physical and mental, of one of our most important public Institutions.

The occasion of the sermon was peculiar; being upon the return of the preacher to his home and people after a confinement of some weeks as a Patient in the 'Massachusetts General Hospital,' and recovery to health from a painful and hazardous but completely successful operation.

In less skilful hands such an occasion might easily have become too personal: and doubtless there is danger lest the minister in bringing his individual or domestic relations, his private griefs or his thankegivings to the Pulpit, may appear to exceed his privileges and fail of that sympathy from the flock which such attempts always suppose, but which is not often to be expected from a mixed, though it be a friendly assembly.

Mr Sewall, however, has very happily escaped this error. He has with great judgment and felicity improved a peculiar personal experience to the illustration of a topic of universal interest: and by testifying what he has seen and what he has known, he has shown how rich is that goodness of our heavenly Father, on which his children in all their trials may securely trust; and how they may become the grateful partakers of that goodness, even in the dwelling, to which suffering only resorts for relief.

The discourse is valuable by showing how much may be learnt and how much, too, may be enjoyed in an Hospital. To those, who are compassed with infirmities, requiring relief, but who are troubled also with fears and distrusts of all public charities, as if they were places for unfeeling experiment, the following passages of the sermon may give consolation. F. P.

But, my hearers, what we may know and have believed of the love of God from outward instruction and in the common experience of life, we may be made to understand and to realize with inconceivable force and clearness, on occasions when the mind is subjected to some new form of discipline, and in scenes of such peculiar interest as those which I have lately passed through. If I have borne away from these one lesson more powerfully enforced than any other, it is that which has instructed me in the goodness of God, and thrown a light upon his dealings with men which will brighten my views of his providence whilst I live and can remember.

To an utter stranger the portal to a hospital may well seem a dark passage-way. He enters it with lingering step and a reluctant will, as if he were about to encounter what must shock his sensibility, send a shuddering fear through his heart, and cause even his senses to revolt. He goes forward listening at every turn for the groans and cries with which alone he thinks to be greeted there. His eye is prepared to see only the haggard face of the worn out nurse, or the stern countenance of some despairing physician. On all he meets he expects to behold the peculiar aspect which vain strivings with infinite woes leave upon the brow of man. If he have come thither in quest of help for some malady of his own, a dire necessity impels him to combat the shrinking and loathing with which he is beset, but his imagination, under the influence of the prejudices which haunt ever the popular mind, and through ignorance left to its own blind workings, will array the scene that awaits him in the darkest coloring. Not there will he hope to learn anything which may help to gild and brighten the lot of humanity, inspire with new cheerfulness the desponding heart, and send him forth as much happier in mind as he would fain be better in body. But O how unlike the reality are these pictures of the morbid imagination, these vague apprehensions of ignorance and prejudice!

The hospital is eminently a Christian institution. None such was known to the heathen world. When the Roman Emperor, Julian, by infamous distinction called 'the apostate,' was endeavoring by subtle expedients to build up again the tottering fabric of his idolatry, with a strength that might cope with the new and living faith of Christianity, he earnestly enjoined upon his priesthood to inculcate an imitation of the Christians in their singular care for the suffering and the poor. The spirit of our religion was manifest then, as it has been since, in nothing more remarkably than that philanthrophy which it breathes and inculcates. And among the manifold provisions and modes of succor for human want which Christian sympathy has originated, this of an asylum for the sick and wounded merits an honorable place. The idea on which it is constructed is one in which the benevolence of God and the love of man for his fellow flow together in an union the most happy. The benevolence of God;—for where can we show a proof of it more signal, than the causing by his providence the wealth of the affluent, the science and skill of the gifted and learned, and the patient ministry of many merciful ones, whose office it is to toil and watch,—to conspire together in order to render the most timely aid to the perishing; to cure or mitigate disease in its worst forms of woe, those in which it falls on such as are dependent on daily toil for daily bread; to give the comforts of a home to the stranger whose own home is perhaps in another land; to bind up the wounds of those whom sudden casualty has struck down in the streets; in a word, to extend for the support and solace of afflicted humanity the good Samaritan's kindly offices.

But not merely is the goodness of God apparent in this excellent institution in the way of a timely and effectual provision for the relief of bodily distresses,—it is equally so in what is done there for the mind's good. When, at the hour of evening prayer, I first met the numerous band of my companions, I beheld the timid child, snatched by the hand of love from sudden death; the hopeful lad, whose bright morn had been clouded by sickness; the poor woman, whose family were left, that here she might be made whole; the rich merchant from a distant province; an assembly made up of contributions from every class in society, and in all descriptions of circumstances, gathered here under the same roof,—all alike dependent sufferers;—all craving succor from the hand of man;—all come to God's altar to kneel in common supplication for his mercy. When I gazed upon this spectacle, I felt it good for me to be there. The distinctions which abroad divided us were there lost sight of. We stood upon the same level, and that a very lowly one. The richest could not buy with all his wealth a better care than was to be had without price by the poorest. His pains and infirmities were no lighter to him, nor more easily borne, than were similar ills in the persons of the rest. Life's gaudy shows were there shut out. Realities, of sterner aspect, had taken their place. Each forgot his ordinary concerns and solicitudes in the one all-absorbing interest which every other bosom shared with his. We listened to the holy word of a Redeemer, with enough around and within us to make it welcome. We prayed together to the infinite Father, and, being one in sorrow, felt that we were one in comfort too.

Few situations could be better adapted to humble the pride,—to mortify the evil passions, to melt the hardness of the human heart. Few more fitted to quicken the more dormant seeds of spiritual thoughts and benign affections. Then, in the arrangements of the place;—such as the nightly watch of the well by the sleepless couch of the sick; the ceaseless labors of the strong in preparing the food and raiment and medicine for the infirm and the helpless; the distribution of a hundred cares and offices of kindness every hour through the numerous household;—in all these were manifested the power of the binding principle of the establishment,—that of a truly Christian humanity. Here every ordinary comfort to fifty or sixty persons, more or less disabled by disease, must depend upon the exactness and fidelity with which other individuals, entire strangers to them, performed their allotted tasks. Even the necessary stillness, in such situations so precious, yet so hard to keep, could be had only while the hearts of the whole were moved with a gentle solicitude for one another, and while moral sentiment possessed its power over all. There was a conviction how omnipotent that sentiment can be, pressed home upon my mind by long hours of sweet repose purchased for me by its influence, and which were the sweeter for the assurance, that the same charm was prevalent to the same good end for every fellow-sufferer around me.

We know, my friends, and are indeed quite ready to own, when called upon to do so in the common circumstances of life, that there is this intertwining of interests in the lot of all human beings; but in common circumstances we do not feel the truth of it, as we do in the situation to which I have alluded. Would to God I could carry to your bosoms the grateful emotions which throbbed in my own, when day by day, night after night, I witnessed the faithfulness with which the calls of benevolence were responded to, in that asylum of the afflicted. And have we not herein laid before us, one of the chief purposes of those evils, to which our race are subjected? God intends to correct natural selfishness, when he casts us in helplessness upon foreign aid; and he teaches us to love one another, while he wins us to the love of himself, when he gives us to see and feel at one at the same moment, both how impotent and indigent we are in ourselves, and what an unconquerable force grows out of our very weakness through implicit trust in him, and the inexhaustible resource which he has opened for us in the hearts of our fellow-beings. Faith in man and faith in God conspire together in the darkness of calamity, to dispel the clouds, scatter the mists, restore the cheerful light, and bring back lost hope and peace. It were worth while to suffer any pains of the body, that may give occasion for the exercise of that faith. In calling us to put it forth, God does us an infinite service; he imparts a good by means of it incalculably superior to all the joys, which suffering in any form has power to destroy.

When God in his providence brings any one, as he brought me, into close contact and neighborhood with multiplied and aggravated cases of pain and sorrow, he impels him to draw comparisons between his own lot and that of others, so true and just comparisons, as are not wont to be drawn in ordinary circumstances. Thus, while all are made to realize what evils there are, worse than their own, each learns to bear his own with more fortitude. It was a delightful sight to behold the efforts made to endure patiently; the many little ways invented for cheating time of its wearisomeness, beguiling pain, and to soften the pressure of the heavy burdens imposed by sickness, among those with whom I was lately domesticated. I knew not before how much power there was in the human heart for patient endurance, until I saw it manifested there. And is not the love of God made plain to us in whatever induces any of his children, to rise superior to the ills of the flesh, and to give to the spiritual nature a control over the body? Is not that a most merciful visitation which strikes away from us all artificial supports, the props and crutches on which feebleness loves to lean, and compels us to the choice of standing erect again by a right use of the powers inherent in us, or falling for want of them? If the two before named fruits of sore trial, faith in God and faith in man, be inestimable, not less so is this also, of faith in one's own spiritual nature. The contentment, which comes to us with unbroken fits of ease or long continued indulgence and gratification, is a small thing to boast of. But that which issues from reflection, and comparison of the severities which others bear, so much greater than the hardships which we complain of; or which we procure by wrestling with our fate till we have conquered the very disposition to complain,—that is indeed contentment. The courage and hopefulness, which are born anew in the soul whilst environed within and without by discouraging influences, and for which we contest with fear and despair in some fresh form every day, will not speedily decline after the victory is once fully won. The strength and determination of will, which have been put to the test of utter abandonment by all extraneous supports, or which have survived the experience of the insufficiency of such supports, are part of the imperishable riches, for the sake of which a man may even 'sell all that he hath,' and peril life itself. My friends, how many murmurs would be hushed; how much discontent and envy done away; how much impatience and distrust of our powers to bear, would be rebuked and corrected; if we were but once to have revealed the secrets of the destiny with which others have to grapple, and to be taught by their triumphs what there is in every mind, of capacity for the like conquest. I have felt ashamed to utter sighs and groans within hearing of those, who were wearing in smiles the fetters of a deadly malady, and were not like me 'prisoners of hope.'

Another instance, in my late experience, which brought to view the love which God hath to us in a most interesting connection, is the effect produced by the awakening of strong sympathy for others, upon our temper and feelings towards our heavenly Father himself. We are never so likely to feel borne in upon our hearts, as by a spring-tide, the countless mercies of our God, as at that moment when subdued and humbled, made more tender and kind by sorrow, we begin to lose sight of ourselves, in thinking upon and caring for others. When the surgeon's had had given me the long sought relief, and the faint hopes of health and happiness to come, on which I had been feeding an almost desperate life, grew warm again within me, it had well nigh overwhelmed me to see the congratulating smile on the pallid cheeks of my fellow-sufferers, and to hear the words of rejoicing sympathy from lips even, that were but too soon, as I feared, to be sealed in death. And this triumph of love over self,—what could it else, but cause the divine principle of love to dawn with a celestial radiance on my soul? It seemed as if submission to God's will had become more easy through the contemplation of his goodness to another, as if a new sense and assurance of the love he hath to us all must have been imparted to those, who could thus find joy in a deliverance which themselves might not share. But may we not doubt whether the value of every blessing of God in our own estimation is dependent on the circumstance, that it is our's in fruition or in hope? Have we not known how fervent a gratitude has sometimes poured itself forth, where to the eye of sense all bliss might have seemed to be an excluded and prohibited thing? Have we not experienced how the love which fixes attention upon God's goodness abroad, brings us home the boon of an increased delight in him, though nothing were added or taken away from our stores of personal good?

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Sir,—I wish to call your attention to a subject of much interest;—I speak in regard to the practice of furnishing wine at our University Commencement Dinner. It appears to me quite time to discontinue the use of wine on that occasion. No man, who has lived to my age, and has not been wanting in observation, is ignorant of the fact, that many of the sons of Harvard, who have died drunkards, or who are among the living, shattered remnants of intemperance, laid the foundation of their infamy and worthlessness, in the use of that article as a drink. They have had it in their power to quote, to their unspeakable injury, the example of men in elevated stations, as justifying them in the use of wine. And how, my dear Sir, can we, as advocates of the temperance cause, give a satisfactory reason to those, for example, who drink N. E. Rum to their hurt,—why it is reputable in the officers and graduates of the University to drink wine, and disreputable in them to use that cheap and yet more powerful stimulant? I have a great regard for our venerable University, and I am persuaded that her interest suffers from the usage I have mentioned, in connection with other reasons, not so well founded. I hope that one of your correspondents will furnish the public with a good article on this subject. SENEX.

We understand that at the dinner on Commencement day, wine is not to be introduced. It is matter of regret that the state of public morals is such as to render it necessary to exclude wine from the table at the annual festival, lest it should be abused, and serve as an offence in the way of the temperance reform; while it is at the same time, a sign of promise amongst the features of the age, that the public sentiment calls loudly for such a sacrifice to the cause of good morals, and moreover, that the call is so readily responded to. That a vast amount of injury has accrued to the University from the juice of the grape, is an undeniable and lamentable fact. The *manes* of hundreds of the sons of Harvard, who have gone down to untimely graves, from the excessive use of wine, may indeed, almost seem to demand such

a concession on the part of their surviving descendants and companions, while the rising generations appeal to the men of our day to deny themselves, and remove offences from their path, that they may the more easily walk in the ways of safety and righteousness.

THE FRIENDLESS.

It is remarkable how a single word, unaffectedly uttered, will sometimes reveal to us, more fully and strikingly than could many books, the deep and long experience of a human heart. Not long ago, a friend of ours invited a small party of orphan children from an Asylum, to spend an hour of a Wednesday afternoon at his house. They manifested, each in the way that nature prompted or education allowed, the most eager delight. It was evidently a rich treat to them in their lonely state. It would have done any body's heart good to see and hear them.

As he was distributing amongst them the contents of a basket of oranges, he chanced to hear one of the little girls say to a companion who was sitting at her side, 'I know why Mr —— has invited us to his house—it is because we haven't *any friends. I haven't had a friend come to see me for five years.*'

Merciful Heaven! Only twelve years old, and not have seen the face of one friend for five long years!

We have heard many a sad tale of orphanage, and thought that we felt sympathy for the friendless before, but we never heard words that went directly to the heart like these—that made so palpable the dreariness of the long days and nights that heavily follow one another, unenlivened by a single smile or kindly tone of one living being with whom the homeless can claim kindred. We thought too, that we knew, of old, something of the value of our friends, and estimated, not altogether too lightly, their joyous and assuaging influence upon the pulses of the soul, but never before did our natural relatives seem so precious to our regard, or did our heart involuntarily seek to bind them to itself with such a tenacious embrace, as since the simple words of the poor orphan girl have given to us one slight and inadequate impression of her unutterable and melancholy experience.

No wonder that God from his secret throne has sent out so many kindly messages and sacred promises of love to the solitary and forsaken, the parentless and the widow! for O how much do they need the sympathy of Heaven, who have no friends on earth; and how pleasant to the angels of consolation to pay their unobtrusive and peace-laden visits to the children of loneliness and sorrow.

Would it not repay us richly, ay a thousand fold, if we would open our doors more frequently to those who have no home, and distribute our kindly sympathies, which are indeed the bread of life, more freely, to those who hunger and thirst for words of friendship and looks of affection and tenderness?

It will be gratifying to our readers to hear of the safe arrival of Rev. E. S. Gannett and lady, with confirmed health.

ORDINATION.—On Wednesday last, the Rev. Charles Ives Burnett, was ordained as Pastor of the First Christian Church and Society in Plymouth. The services were performed in the meeting house of the First Parish. Introductory Prayer by Rev. Geo. W. Briggs, of Plymouth; Sermon by Rev. James T. Thacher of Swanzey; Prayer of Ordination by Rev. Geo. W. Briggs; Charge by Rev. William Shurtleff, of Dighton; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. James T. Thacher; Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr Shurtleff; Benediction by Rev. Mr Burnett.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of the following sums paid to Messrs James Munroe & Co. and not heretofore acknowledged.

From Andover Auxiliary Association, $21

From Mrs M. Abbott,		$1
From Newport Auxiliary Association.		$41
From Ladies in Kennebunk,		$30
From Northfield Auxiliary Association.		$12
From Framingham,	do	$45
From Wayland,	do	$15
From Kingston,	do	$2

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

Auxiliary Association in Fitchburg,			$16
do	do	In Greenfield,	$5
do	do	In Lowell,	$122
do	do	In Kingston,	$1

WABASH COLLEGE.—The Indiana Record of July 14, says:—'the annual examination of the students of Wabash College commenced on Saturday morning last, and closed the Tuesday evening following. When the examination was finished, the degree of A. B. was conferred on A. C. Allen and S. Jessup, who are the first graduates of the institution. The occasion was one of deep interest to every friend of letters. A literary institution established thus early in the 'far West,' sending forth her graduates with minds well disciplined, and imbued with sound moral principles, proclaims itself a harbinger of good to our country. The baccalaureate address of President Baldwin was a masterly piece of composition, replete with sound and wholesome advice; and we cannot but indulge the hope that the young gentlemen will profit by it, and become living examples of the truth that "eminence" cannot be attained without an undeviating regard for integrity and strict moral principles.'—*N. Y. Obs.*

HAMILTON COLLEGE.—The annual commencement took place at the village of Clinton, on Wednesday the 25th. On the evening preceding, an oration was delivered before the literary societies connected with the College, by the Rev. Prof. Kendrick, of Hamilton Theological Seminary. After the usual exercises on commencement day, the degree of A. B. was conferred upon 20 young gentlemen belonging to the graduating class, and that of A. M. upon 5 alumni of the College. The honorary degree of A. M. was also conferred upon the Hon. Aaron Clark, Mayor of the City of New York, and the degree of D. D. on the Rev. Seth Williston.—*ib.*

WESTERN MUNIFICENCE.—Donations of $5000 each have been made by General Simon Perkins, of Warren county, Ohio, and his sister, Mrs Kinsman, to endow a Professorship of Chemistry, Minerology and Geology in the Western Reserve College.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.—The Commencement of this Institution was held in Hartford, on the 2d. inst. On the day previous, a Poem, by Wm. J. Hamersley Esq. of Hartford, and an oration, by Robert Rantoul Esq. of Gloucester, Mass. were delivered before the Society of Alumni of the College. On Thursday afternoon, an address on the Literature of the Bible was delivered in the Episcopal church, by Alexander H. Everett Esq. of Boston.

WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.—We are happy to learn that the Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology of the Western Reserve College, has been filled by the appointment of Mr Samuel St. John, and that the appointment has been accepted. Mr St. John was graduated at Yale College in the fall of 1834, where he held a high reputation as a scholar, and received the first honor of his class. Since that time he has been pursuing scientific studies; has filled the office of Tutor in Yale College; and has spent one year in Europe occupied in Travel and in attention to Natural History. He is expected to spend the ensuing year at New Haven, for the purpose of familiarizing himself more fully with the practical duties of his future station, and making provision for entering upon them by the close of the year. It is the design of the Trustees to make the same liberal provision for this Professorship as they have done for that of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. At the last meeting of the Board it was resolved to raise fifteen thousand dollars for this Department; ten thousand to endow the Professorship, and five thousand for the purchase of Apparatus, Books and a cabinet of Minerals. We are happy to learn that the former sum has already been given; five thousand by Gen. Perkins of Warren, and five thousand by his sister, Mrs Kinsman of Kinsman. It is confidently trusted that a liberal public will not fail to provide whatever may be necessary to render instruction in this department efficient and complete. The increasing favor with which this College is regarded by the community is evidenced by the fact, that within little more than a year, and during a period of unparalleled commercial embarrassment, forty eight thousand dollars have been pledged to its funds—*Cleveland Herald.*

OAKLAND COLLEGE.—The number of pupils is now greater than at any former period, and more are offered than the present buildings can accommodate.—Arrangements are making for the immediate erection of a number of student's houses, and at least one large building, which shall comprise a chapel and a number of recitation and lecture *rooms.—N. Orleans Obs.*

Dr O. W. Holmes, of Boston has been elected Professor of Anatomy in the Medical School of Dartmouth College.

INTELLIGENCE.

A case of selling liquor to minors, and of a most revolting character, was examined yesterday. On Tuesday, John O'Rourk, a boy between fourteen and fifteen years old, was picked up in Broad street, by Constable Tallant. The boy was dead drunk, and was committed until yesterday, in order that he might get sober. He was charged with being a common drunkard, and, young as he is, the evidence fully supported the complaint. He was sent to the House of Juvenile Offenders.

When the boy was brought in for examination, he stated that he and another boy, a little older than himself, went to a cellar kept by Thomas Fogerty, Broad street, and bought a gill of New England rum, which they drank. Constable Tallant, upon this information, entered a complaint against Fogerty for selling liquor without license. Fogerty was arrested and brought in, and the boy was put upon the stand as a witness. Fogerty said he was 'guilty.' He was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty dollars with costs.—*Boston Atlas.*

Eastern Rail-road.—The various works for the completion and opening of the Rail-road between Salem and Boston, are going on with great rapidity. The rails are now laid nearly the whole distance between Salem and Lynn; and from Lynn to East Boston, but a small space remains to be supplied. The Car House, Engine House, Offices, &c. at the Salem Depot, are in progress, and will speedily be finished. The Locomotives, for the Road, we learn, have arrived at the East Boston Depot. We do not learn that a day has been actually fixed upon for the first trip over the Road, but it is understood that about the 15th of the present month, the Cars may be seen in motion, and that the opening of the Road will be attended by some public demonstrations which will give eclat and interest to the occasion.—*Salem Reg.*

Hudson and Berkshire Rail Road.—The American Railroad Journal, a valuable magazine published in the city of New York, contains some interesting facts in relation to this important link in the great chain of internal improvements designed to connect the eastern part of Massachusetts with western New York. This section of the route extends from the city of Hudson, in New York, through Columbia county, to West Stockbridge, in Berkshire county, of this State, a distance of about thirty miles. The work is nearly completed upon it, and it is expected to be in readiness for use by October next.

At Catskill, a few miles from Hudson, and connected with it by a steam-ferry, the Catskill and Canajoharie railroad commences, which traversing the counties of Green, Schoharie, and Montgomery, a distance of seventy miles, terminates in Canajoharie, where it intersects with the Erie and Utica railroad. Having obtained a loan from the legislature of New York at its last session, to aid in its construction, this road will probably be completed, the quarter part of the distance, the present season. It is with the vast region of country whose inexhaustible resources are thus being developed, that the great Western railroad is to bring the interior and eastern parts of Massachusetts into close approximation. Two years will probably see the completion of this great work. Its length, 108 miles, the character of the country which it passes, heretofore considered impracticable for works of this description, and the important sections it is to connect, render it one of the grandest schemes that has yet been undertaken in the country. With its accomplishment, the line of intercommunication with the sea-board at Boston and the great lakes will be unbroken.

The Hudson and Berkshire railroad has the great advantage over other similar works, of having been constructed at much less than their average cost. It has not exceeded $16,000 the mile. The expense of the Boston and Worcester road was $30,000; of the Boston and Providence, 40,000; of the Lowell, $55,000 per mile. It passes through a country, a part of which is represented as of surpassing beauty, and the immense marble quarries from which material the Girard College of Philadelphia is constructed, was taken, and an iron ore bed which supplies the founderies at West Point, lie directly in its course.—*National Ægis.*

Fortifications in Maine.—Major Graham of the U. S. Engineer department left this city on Friday last for Houlton and the St. Croix river with instruments to make a scientific survey of the posts selected in that part of the State by Gen. Wool. We understand the result of Gen. Wool's examination in this State will be the recommending of the establishment of an Arsenal at Bangor, the erection of a Fortification at Bucksport narrows on the Penobscot river, and a Fortification at the mouth of the Kennebec. The establishment of a military post at Moose river, on the Canada road, and an advanced post on the Highlands, near the line. The establishment of a military post at Calais, and a post of observation in the town of Weston on the Calais and Houlton road near the Schoodic lake, and another post of observation in the town of Amity. We learn also, that Gen. Wool speaks in the highest terms of praise of the country on the route of his examination and particularly of the region of *Moose Head Lake*, and predicts that the time is not far distant when Maine will stand *foremost* among the States in the Union in point of *wealth* and *population*.

It would seem at last the time is approaching, when, under the friendly auspices of a vigorous State policy, MAINE is beginning to awaken to the true sense of her great and natural resources. Give her the fortifications and military posts which belong to her frontier, give us good roads and canals into our broad and fertile interior, and above all, give us a little of the spirit and enterprise of some of our sister States, and '*Dirigo*' would no longer be an unmeaning inscription upon her coat of arms.—*Bangor Whig.*

Lynch Law.—The following beautiful exemplification of the reason and justice of Lynch Law is from the Louisville Journal:

A few days ago, a sum of money was stolen near Kosciusko, Mississippi. A black girl, who professed to know all about the circumstances, charged a respectable white person with being the thief. Upon her testimony the citizens seized him, tied him to a tree, and, 'Lynched' him with extreme severity. During the operation a man named Parker stood looking on and exclaiming—'Give it to him! He has the money! He is the thief and will soon confess it!' The lynchers found however, after nearly killing their victim, that he would confess nothing, and he was at length released, torn, bleeding, and unable to stand. A few hours afterwards suspicion began to rest upon Parker himself, who, on being tied to the same tree, roared out '*I have the money*' The whole sum was found in his possession and that of the wench on whose false testimony the innocent man had been so horribly mutilated.

This occurrence should be a memorable lesson to all who are disposed to take the vengeance of the law into their own hands. The atrocious practice of 'lynching' deserves to be stamped with the indignation of men and the wrath of God. Every actor in the bloody tragedy at Kosciusko, should at once be driven forth, an exile from society and all its sympathies.

The Collector of the Port of New York, has published the late Act of Congress for the better security of the lives of passengers in steam vessels, and given notice that so far as the execution of it devolves on him, it will be rigidly enforced. One of the most important steps in the execution of the law, is the appointment by the District Judge of each district, of suitable persons competent to examine the boats and machinery, on whose certificate the public may rely for the safety of the boats. The law requires that the certificate shall be exacted by the Collectors on or before the first of October next.

The number of vessels which have arrived from Europe at Quebec, the present season, to July 23, is 562, being 32 more than in the same period of last year.—The number of settlers arrived is only 1861, compared with 16,583 to the same period of last year.

Cuba.—The Charleston Courier contains a letter from Havana, of the 14th inst.; the following is an extract. It will not be long, perhaps, before there are revolutionary movements in the Island.

Of course ere this you are aware of Tacon having left us; he has been succeeded in the Governership of the Island by Ezpelita, a fine man, but without the firmness of the former. However, things go on pretty well. We shall shortly have all the Church property put up for sale. Commissioners are now arranging the affairs of our old Friars, in a way not at all satisfactory to those pious men.

The necessities of the Government at Madrid, for the extraordinary expenses of the Civil War, have compelled them to levy a subsidy on this Island, for $2,500,000 dollars;—but how it is to be raised is not yet determined. Meanwhile, drafts for the whole amount have been sold to Rothschild & Sons, London, by the Treasury on Madrid, of the Treasury of this place;—but alas!—the money as yet is 'non est inventus.' The intendent here to meet them has tried to raise a public loan, offering 13 per cent per annum interest, and giving as guarantee, the capital of the Bank of Juan Fernande and other security;—but there is no public confidence, and he found that in all the Island he could not get offers of more than $20,000 even on these conditions. The consequence is money is scarce with the government, the progress of the railroad is stopped, and contractors and agents who have been expressly sent for from England, are turned adrift without a moment's warning.

From Mexico.—By way of Pensacola we have more recent intelligence from Mexico. The Pensacola Gazette mentions the arrival of the United States Sloop of War, Vandalia, from a cruise of 74 days in the Gulf of Mexico, and on the coast of Texas, having visited Vera Cruz, Tampico, Matamoras, and Galveston.

The ports of Mexico were very closely watched by the French cruisers. The contemplated attack on the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa has for the present been abandoned, the Baron Defaudis, the French Minister, having sailed for France. Vessels from the United States and Cuba *will not* be warned off before subject to capture, a sufficient time having elapsed for the blockade to become known.

Commodore Bazzoele, in the frigate L'Hermine, is at anchor under the island of Sacrificios; and one brig and two schooners, and the frigate's launches, are cruising close in the shoals, and frequently within musket shot of the Castle. One brig is off Alvarado, which port was opened 18th May by the Mexican Government. The cruisers off Tampico and Matamoras lay at anchor close in with the harbor, and other vessels are cruising along the coast between these ports.

All appeared quiet in Texas. The British packet, which sailed from Vera Cruz on the 27th of May, had been detained a week after the regular day of sailing, at the request of the Mexican Government, for the purpose of taking out a request to the British Government to become mediator between the French and Mexican Governments. The best of feelings have thus far been kept up between the French squadron and our own. While the Vandalia lay under Sacrificios, the French and American officers were in the constant reciprocation of services and courtesies.—*N. O. Bee.*

A Fearful Contrast.—While our papers have been teeming with the best accounts of the London press, descriptive of the coronation of Queen Victoria, with all its accompanying luxury and splendor, the following heart-rending scene is worthy of attention, as affording the painful and bitter contrast of starvation in the midst of plenty. It is from the London Globe of July 3d.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

Horrible Destitution.—Four wretched looking boys, each under twelve years of age, were brought before Mr Rogers, on the charge of being houseless vagrants.

Inspector Perry said that at three o'clock in the morning he found the prisoners and two other boys lying in a vault on the Woodbridge estate, Clerkenwell, and they were so faint, that it was with the greatest difficulty those now in the office could walk to the station-house. Their two unfortunate companions were utterly incapable of exertion, and it was found necessary to remove them to the work-house, where they were still; and it was expected that, ere twelve hours had elapsed, death would relieve them of their sufferings, as they could not take nourishment of any kind.

Mr Rogers remarked that it was a most heart-rending tale, and he asked the defendants to give some account of themselves.

Each stated that he was an orphan and houseless, and that he obtained the bread which kept him alive by holding horses, and other such vagabond employments. One of the poor fellows added that he had been foraging the streets the greater part of the night for bits of bread for the two lads then in the work-house, as he saw they were dying for food, and he returned with a few scraps just as the inspector entered the vault, and was trying to feed them, but they could not swallow.

The magistrate committed them to prison for twenty-one days, as they would be admitted into the infirmary, and have medical attention; and during their incarceration, the visiting magistrates would find out their parishes, and pass them home.

The poor fellows were very grateful for the shelter thus given them.

From Jamaica.—By an arrival at Baltimore, we have news to the 14th ultimo. In anticipation of the first of August the governor had issued the following proclamation.

JAMAICA, ss. By his Excellency Sir Lionel Smith, Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Order, a Lieutenant General in her Majesty's Land Forces, and Colonel of the Fortieth Regiment of Foot, Captain General, Governor-in-Chief and Commander of the Forces in and over her Majesty's Island of Jamaica, and the other territories thereon depending in America, Vice Chancellor and Admiral of the same.

PRÆDIAL APPRENTICES—In a few days more you will all become FREE LABORERS; the Legislature of the Island having relinquished the remaining two years of your apprenticeship.

The first of August next is the happy day when you will become free—under the same laws as other freemen, whether white, black, or colored.

I, your governor, give you joy of this great blessing.

Remember that in freedom you will have to depend on your own exertions for your livelihood, and to maintain and to bring up your families. You will work for such wages as you can agree upon with your employers.

It is their interest to treat you fairly.

It is your interest to be civil, respectful, and industrious.

Where you can agree and continue happy with your old masters, I strongly recommend you to remain on those properties on which you have been born, and where your parents are buried.

But you must not mistake, in supposing that your present houses, gardens, or provision grounds are your own property.

They belong to the proprietors of the estates, and you will have to pay rent for them in money or labor, according as you and your employers may agree together.

Idle people who will not take employment, but go wandering about the country, will be taken up as vagrants, and punished in the same manner as they are in England.

The Ministers of Religion have been kind friends to you—listen to them—they will keep you out of troubles and difficulties.

Recollect what is expected of you by the people of England who have paid such a large price for your liberty.

They not only expect that you will behave yourselves as the Queen's good subjects, by obeying the laws, as I am happy to say you always have done as apprentices; but that the prosperity of the Island will be increased by willing labor, greatly beyond what it ever was in slavery. Be honest towards all men—be kind to your wives and children—spare your wives from heavy field work, as much as you can—make them attend to their duties at home, in bringing up your children, and in taking care of your stock—above all, make your children attend divine service and school.

If you follow this advice, you will, under God's blessing, be happy and prosperous.

Given under my hand and seal at arms, at St Jago de la Vega, this ninth day of July, in the first year of her Majesty's reign, Annoque Domini, 1838.

LIONEL SMITH.

By His Excellency's command.
C. H. DARLING, Secretary.

Arrival of the Great Western.—The steam ship Great Western arrived at New York on Monday morning last. She had a passage out of only 12 days and a half—and on her return was but 14 and a half days. She brought 131 passengers and a full cargo of freight.

We give several extracts below from foreign papers received by this arrival.

The British Parliament is still in session. In a brief account of its proceedings the Boston Daily Advertiser gives the following statement of a proposed new law in England, respecting the Post Office.

A measure apparently of no great moment, but actually of a good deal of importance, was likely to be carried into effect. This is a radical change of the post office system, which has been for some time under discussion. The select committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the subject, have agreed to recommend the new system, viz. to introduce a uniform rate of postage throughout the whole empire. This scheme was strongly recommended some time since by Mr Hill, who argued that a uniform postage of a penny, payable in advance, dispensing with the complex and laborious system of accounts, and doing away with the motives for evading the payment of postage by means of franks, and conveyance by private hands, would be more productive than the present burdensome rates.

The committee recommend the adoption of the system in part—negativing however the proposition to reduce the postage to one penny, and also the proposition for three half pence, and recommending that it be fixed at two pence. There is in fact to be no charge of postage at the office, but stamped covers are to be sold at 2d, in which all letters are to be enclosed, the weight of each letter being limited to half an ounce. The simplicity and reasonableness of the system strongly recommend it to adoption, and it is well deserving the attention of our members of Congress to consider the expediency of adopting a similar system.

The curious and important operation of transfusion of blood was recently performed with perfect success by Mr John Wilson, and Mr Richard Ripley, of Whitby, on the person of Mrs Hartley, who was rapidly sinking under violent hemorrhage. The pulse was gone, and not even by the application of a mirror to the mouth of the patient, could it be perceived that she breathed; but, by the injection into her veins of a large quantity of blood taken from those of her sister and husband, the patient was gradually withdrawn from the very jaws of death, and is now approaching convalescence.—*Sunderland Herald.*

Prussia.—Letters received recently, state that the imprisonment of the Archbishops of Cologne and Posen, still continues. There is great excitement among the Catholic clergy. The bishop of Warmia (Dutchy of Posen,) Stanilaus Hatten, lately declared in his pastoral letter, that he prefers to disobey the king rather than God. The king of Prussia announced to the Archbishop that he does not wish to force the Catholic clergy to the unconditional marriages That declaration was read in the Metropolitan church on the day of St. Albert, when the local authorities were afraid of the people's rising. The minds of the people are in continual commotion, though the public tranquility is not disturbed. There is great excitement in Gnezna. At Kelm (Pomerania) the people show menancing symptoms. The discontent had gradually extended itself through Silesia.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Depository of the Book and Pamphlet Society is at the Office of the Christian Register, in Water Street, No 19—up stairs.

It is open to all who may be in want of Unitarian Books and Tracts for distribution; and the Directors would inform such persons that they will be supplied gratis, on application as above. Besides the monthly tracts issued by the Unitarian Association, the Depository is supplied with various other treatises in defence of Liberal Christianity; and friends at a distance who write for them will be promptly supplied. Address David Reed, Publisher of the Christian Register.

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday morning, by Rev Mr Watson, Rev Francis Wayland, President of Brown University, to Mrs Hepsy Sage.

In Bridgewater, Mr William H. Davis, of Roxbury, to Miss Elizabeth H. Bassett, of B.

In Huddersfield, Eng. July 4th, Mr Eliphalet G. Williams, of Boston, to Miss Emily, youngest daughter of John Taylor, Esq. of H.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Thursday, Mrs Margaret Richardson, relict of the late Mr Robert Richardson, 76.

In this city, 29th ult. Mrs Hannah Reed, wife of Capt. Thomas Reed, Jr., 33.

In Groton, on Monday, Henry Rust, son of Mr Eliphalet Jones, of this city, 12.

In St. Louis, on 19th ult. Mr Albert Cushing, of Scituate, Mass. 27.

THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY COMMON SCHOOL CONVENTION

WILL meet in Lowell on Monday the 27th inst. when an address will be delivered by Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education of the Commonwealth, Reports read on several subjects connected with the interests of our Schools, together with other exercises of an interesting character. School Committees, Teachers, and the Friends of Education generally throughout the County, are requested to be present.

O. A. DODGE, Cor. Sec'y.
Lexington, Aug. 6, 1838. 3t

NORTHFIELD ACADEMY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.
A School for Teachers.

THE Fall Term will commence on Monday, Sept. 3, and continue eleven weeks. In addition to the branches usually taught, instruction will be given in Music—to such as desire to attend to that branch—two or three evenings each week, by one well qualified to teach on the plan recommended by the Boston Academy of Music.

PHINEAS ALLEN, Principal.
Northfield, Aug. 8, 1838.

CLASS OF 1829.

THE Members of the Class of 1829 are particularly requested to meet at the American House, Hanover street, Boston, on Commencement evening at 8 o'clock.

WM. GRAY,
G. W. PHILLIPS,
E. L. CUNNINGHAM, } Com.
A. LOCKE,

Aug. 8, 1838

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Applications for admission are made, and the examination begins, at the subscriber's lecture room, in Divinity College, at half past eight, A.M. of the first Friday after Commencement.

Persons, who have not studied Hebrew, may be prepared for the examination in that language, if they reside in Cambridge from the second week in July. JOHN G. PALFREY,
Dean of the Faculty of Theology.
25th June, 1838. ta25

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JOSEPH CARTER, Sec. pro tem.
Charlestown, July 24, 1838. j28 6t

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POETRY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then may'st thou mete out a *mother's love.*
Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angel's bright employ?
Then may'st thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry?
The bee for herself hath gathered and toiled,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.
Hast thou gone with the traveller's thought afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast;—but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.
There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

[From the Saco Democrat.]

THE OCEAN DEAD.

How calmly they sleep on the ocean floor,
By the sparkling gem, and the gilded ore,
The shining sand and the glittering stone,
With the wealth to the ocean deep gone down.

Youth and beauty,—and age and care
Have lain them down in chambers there—
And the opening bud, and spreading flower,
Bloom side by side in the coral bower.

And what, to them, is the angry roar,
As the surges lash the pebbly shore,—
Or the sea-bird's shriek o'er the troubled deep,
Where they sleep on in their dreamless sleep?

Sleep on, sleep on, in your lowly graves,
Beneath the swell of the curling waves,
And the tempest and wind shall the requiem be,
Of the sleepers who rest in the deep, deep sea.

Ion.

THE SEXTON.—BY ELIZA COOK.

'Mine is the fame most blazoned of all,
Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade.'

This is the lay of the sexton grey,
King of the church-yard he;
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell,
Chimes in with his burden of glee.

He dons a doublet of sober brown,
And a hat of slouching felt;
The mattock is over his shoulder thrown,
The heavy keys clank at his belt.

The dark, damp vault now echoes his tread,
While his song rings merrily out,
With a cobweb canopy over his head,
And coffins falling about.

His foot may crush the full fed worms,
His hand may grasp a shroud;
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,
Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chant will break,
As he gains a fathom deep—
'Whoever lies in the bed I make,
I warrant will soundly sleep.'

He plies the sod, he raises the stone,
He clips the cypress tree;
But whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone—
No fellowship holds he.

For the Sexton grey is a scaring loon—
His name is linked with death;
The children at play, should he cross their way,
Will pause with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frighten'd host,
And whisper with lips all white—
'See, see, 'tis he, that sends the ghost
To walk the world at night.'

The old men mark him with fear in their eye,
At his labor 'mid skulls and dust;
They hear him chant, 'The young *may* die,
But we know the aged *must.*'

The rich will frown, as his ditty goes on,
'Though broad your lands may be,
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,
And the same shall serve for ye.'

And the ear of the strong will turn from his song,
And beauty's cheek will pale—
'Out, out,' cry they, 'what creature would stay
To list thy croaking tale!'

Oh! the Sexton grey is a mortal of dread,
None like to see him come near;
The orphan thinks on a father dead,
The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,
Upturning the hollow bone;
No mate will share his toil or fare,
He works, he carouses alone.

By night or by day, this, this is his lay—
'Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade.'

THY WILL BE DONE.

My God, though every earthly hope
Be ruined, lost—each nerve unstrung!
And every coming year, but mope
On buried joys to which I 've clung:
Though all, for which I 've fondly prayed
Be still withheld; each glorious sun,
But view some cherished comfort fade;—
Yet, Father, let thy will be done.

Though friends, who oft this heart estranged
From thy pure worship, O my God,
Should fickle prove, grow cold and changed;
Still let me kiss the chastening rod;
And make me learn, that when the soul
Her heavenward race has once begun,
No idol should her flight control;
Thus, Father, let thy will be done.

In pain and anguish, let thine arm
Support me, Lord, in hours of ill.
Do thou the venomed shaft disarm,
And heal my wounded spirit still:
And when the last dread hour is nigh,
When here my weary race is run;
In Jesus trusting, then, may I,
Departing, say, Thy will be done. C. G.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HE THAT RULETH HIS SPIRIT IS BETTER THAN HE THAT TAKETH A CITY.

'I have a quantity of sewing that must be done this spring. I wish you were well and could assist me, my daughter,' said Mrs Weld to a pale, delicate little girl who was reading at her side. Amy sighed mournfully, 'I *sincerely* wish I could, mother,—how useless I am!' She sat gazing at her mother who was examining a pile of unfinished work, the neglected book she had been reading fell to the floor, her mother looked up and saw tears falling quick and fast from Amy's eyes.

'O, mother,' she said amid her sobs, 'I am of no use to any one in the world—I have no bodily strength—I have no brilliant talents, Dr tells me I must not sit and sew; what *can* I do, dear mother, to benefit *one single being!*' She did not hear the merry shout of little George, who entered the room from school, his satchel slung over his shoulder, the happiest of the happy. He stopped and gazed a moment most sadly at Amy, then crept to her side and threw his arm around her neck. 'Sister, I'm up to the head, and all because you heard my lesson this morning.' The little fellow tried every endearment to show his interest and love.

'My dear daughter,' said Mrs Weld, 'here is an instance of the good you are the means of doing to those around you: *you call forth, and promote good and kind affections:* Our Father in Heaven looks into the heart. He knows that though 'the flesh is weak,' yet, 'the heart is willing,' and He gives you many opportunities of calling out the highest feelings of your brothers and sisters. Do you think the children, and your schoolmates would love you so tenderly, if they did not see you always patient, forbearing, and seeking constantly to have a good influence over them? Ah! my daughter, the amiable, self-denying temper with which God has blessed you, does more to benefit us all than the strength of Hercules without it.'

George's eyes glistened as the tears of Amy ceased to fall. 'Mother,' he exclaimed, 'God puts love into sister's heart, and so she loves every-body, and every-body loves her.' His sister pressed him to her lips saying, 'Yes, George, God *is very* good, I am ungrateful.'

Evening came; the younger children thought no one, not even 'dear mother,' placed them in bed so kindly and patiently as sister Amy; and they loved to say their evening prayers with her, and tell her all their little joys and sorrows, and when she had given and received the good-night kiss, she heard the voice of her brother Albert calling, 'Come Amy, and give us some music.' Her head throbbed with pain, and most little girls would immediately have refused, but she did not; seating herself at the piano, she sang her brother's favorite airs. The kind desire of her heart gave sweetness to her voice.

'I believe mother,' said Albert, 'it is a fact that music makes one grow better, I mean such natural music as Amy's! I know that often when I have left the rough boys at school, I feel that I should be almost savage if it were not for our happy evenings at home.' 'Amy seems to have the power of making every one amiable that approaches her,' interrupted the father. 'I can truly say, my daughter, that when I return from the toils of business, at night, if I did not enjoy your kind and delicate attentions I should retire wearied in every limb; music refreshes the mind as sleep does the body; it elevates and purifies our feelings.'

When Mrs Weld bade Amy good night, she whispered, 'this is the first time I have ever heard my daughter murmur against the ways of an All-wise Providence. O, let it be the last time; if you continue *earnestly* endeavoring to conquer every wrong feeling, or selfish wish, *be sure* your Heavenly Father will show you how you can be useful. Remember, His word says,—'*He that ruleth his spirt, is better than he that taketh a city.*'—*Youth's Companion.*

ANECDOTE OF WHITEFIELD.

Some ladies called one Saturday morning, to pay a visit to Lady Huntington, and, during the visit, her ladyship inquired of them if they had ever heard Mr Whitefield preach? Upon being answered in the negative, she said, 'I wish you would hear him, he is to preach to-morrow evening at such a church or chapel,' the name of which the writer forgets, (nor is it material:) they promised her ladyship they would certainly attend. They were as good as their word; and upon calling on the Monday morning on her ladyship, she anxiously inquired if they had heard Mr Whitefield on the previous evening, and how they liked him? The reply was 'Oh my lady, of all the preachers we ever heard, he is the most strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things, would your ladyship believe it, he declared that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that he did not object to receive even the devil's *castaways.* Now my lady, did you ever hear such a thing since you was born?' To which her ladyship made the following reply: 'There is something, I acknowledge, a little singular in the invitation, and I do not recollect to have ever met with it before, but as Mr Whitefield is below in the parlor, we'll have him up, and let him answer for himself.' Upon his coming up into the drawing room, Lady Huntington said, 'Mr Whitefield, these ladies have been preferring a very heavy charge against you, and I thought it best that you should come up and defend yourself; they say, that in your sermon last evening, in speaking of the willingness of Jesus Christ to receive sinners, you expressed yourself in the following terms: "that so ready was Christ to receive sinners who came to him, that he was willing to receive even the devil's castaways."' Mr Whitefield immediately replied, 'I certainly, my lady, must plead guilty to the charge; whether I did what was right or otherwise your ladyship shall judge from the following circumstance. Did your ladyship notice, about half an hour ago, a very modest single rap at the door? It was given by a poor, miserable looking, aged female, who requested to speak with me. I desired her to be shown into the parlor, when she accosted me in the following manner: "I believe, sir, you preached last evening at such a chapel." "Yes, I did." "Ah, sir, I was accidentally passing the door of that chapel, and hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of doing, I went in: and one of the first things I heard you say, was, that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that he did not object to receiving the devil's castaways. Do you think, sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?"' Mr Whitefield assured her that there were was no doubt of it, if she was but willing to go to him. From the sequel it appears this was the case, and that it ended in the sound conversion of this poor creature: and Lady Huntingdon was assured, from most respectable authority, that the woman left a very charming testimony behind her, that though her sins had been of a crimson hue, the atoning blood of Christ had washed them white as snow.

FIRE-PROOF HOUSES.

On Wednesday the efficacy of this curious composition was subjected to the test of a very severe experiment, and the experiment was quite successful. The object of the invention is to render wood or other substances proof against ignition, and thus to confine a fire to the apartment in which it may have originated. For the purposes of the experiment a small house, of six rooms, in Dorset street, Clapham road, was selected. The house was unfinished, but the uprights in the walls and the timber work generally, were covered with the composition. One room alone was furnished with bedstead, chairs and table. Combustibles were then fired in each apartment in succession, but the great object of curiosity naturally enough, was the furnished one. The furniture, of course, was destroyed, and, perhaps, we are quite safe in saying, that so intense a heat could not have been applied in the same space, under the circumstances of any ordinary conflagration. Still the fire did not spread, and the remainder of the room was not injured. The same was the case with the other rooms, and when this successful experiment was concluded the woodwork was found totally unharmed. At one moment, indeed, it was imagined that a failure had occurred. The lintel of one of the windows took fire and was consumed, in consequence of the accidental omission of the pretecting composition, but the moment the flames came in contact with the prepared timber they went no farther. Of the ingredients of the composition we are quite ignorant. It is of a green color, and appears to have about the consistency of mortar, for which substance we were told it has been successfully used as a substitute. It dries hard, so hard, indeed, as to admit of considerable polish. A great many respectable persons were present, and took much interest in the proceedings.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

'The *duties* of women, rather than their *rights*, should be studiously explained and enforced; for in no other way can we come up to the high standard of obligation which the gospel has imposed upon us.'

We cut this one good sentence from a stray number of the 'Advocate of Moral Reform,' that found its way to our office. There is certainly a great difference between the study of duties and the study of rights, in their effects on the temper, and on the whole character. It may sometimes be a duty to inquire what are our rights, or the rights of others, and to use appropriate means for their defence; but it is always a dangerous duty; a duty surrounded with temptation, into which the intelligent Christian will pray that he may not be led. Rights have relation to advantages,—to means and opportunities of self-gratification. To contend for my rights, is to contend for something which is valuable to *me.* Such a contest naturally calls into action every thing selfish in human nature. It naturally rouses up, not only selfish desires, but all the malignant and revengeful passions, which are excited by the thwarting of selfish desires. A man who is always contending for his rights, is of course a quarrelsome, ill-tempered man.

If, instead of our own rights, we enter into a contest for the rights of others with whom we identify ourselves, the effect is somewhat modified, but substantially the same. There is a greater chance that benevolence may mingle in the medley of passions with which we shall be agitated; and therefore the greater chance that we may deceive ourselves, by supposing that the whole tumult within us is a benevolent tumult, and therefore very holy.

If you wish to set a whole community by the ears, get up a controversy about rights,—no matter whose. Somebody's selfishness will be alarmed; somebody will say that more is claimed than is due; somebody will reply that the selfishness of opposers blunts their sense of justice; every one's selfishness is put on its guard against the encroachments of every other person's selfishness, and, as Scripture teaches us to expect, 'wars and fightings' come of the lusts that war in the members of men.

Very different are the consequences of starting the inquiry, what are our duties. Our duty is, to 'love our neighbor as ourselves;' to express that love, by doing good to our neighbor according to our ability; to seek, not our own, but every one another's well-being. It leads us to ask, how we can most effectually promote the welfare of those around us; to ask, not what and how much we have a right to get away from them, but what and how much we have power to bestow upon them. It calls into action, every noble, every generous, every self-denying attribute of man, whether belonging to him by nature or implanted by grace. It leads away from selfish thoughts. It takes the mind off from those considerations which feed the spirit of bitterness and contention. It leads away from all the occasions of revenge. The inquiry itself is a 'peace-maker,' born of heaven, diffusing the spirit of heaven, and leading towards heaven.

Such is the language of theory. If any are not convinced by it, let them appeal to facts. Let them question history,—the history of times past or present. Let them ask what spirit has accompanied contests for rights, and what has attended inquiries after duty, and what influence on the peace of society has flowed from both.—*N. Y. Obs.*

[From the National Ægis.]

COLLECTIONS RELATING TO FASHIONS AND DRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By the Rev. Joseph B. Felt.

[*Continued.*]

GOWNS.

By 1667, gowns were long and flowing, set of with liberal flounces and furbeloes. This fashion lasted, more or less, for a century. Speaking of ladies' appearance with a trail, at the date last mentioned, Cowley remarked, "they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up." Forty-five years since, trails, or as sometimes styled, "sweep-streets," were commonly seen from a half to one yard and a half long, when allowed to have their full course. They were often trolloped, that is, were fastened up to each side by means of loops. While stays abounded in number and length, gowns were equally long-waisted, and were laced in front. From about 1790 till within 13 years, gowns were of small dimensions, compared with what they had been and have been recently. Before then, and after 1753, spangles were sewed on the best gowns as well as on ribbons. Such ornaments gradually disappeared, till few of them were met with 35 years past. Till within the same period, gowns were made with side pockets. These were often loaded with keys, change, keep-sakes, and other notions. It was seldom the case, but that the children, who were permitted to sound them with their little hands, found something to delight their eyes, ears, and taste. Such an appendage has been lately looking up, and may resume its former rights and privileges. As to low necked gowns, its may be said with truth, however the ornamented stomachers would often supply their deficiency, that their reigns have never been peaceful. We are informed that Isabella of Bavaria, who deceased 1435, commenced such a fashion. It came into England, and went down in the time of Queen Mary. It had resuscitated considerably when our country began to be settled. It was in full vogue here before 1675. In that year, the civil fathers of Massachusetts shook their rod at it, and commanded it to be gone. Still, it was not greatly discouraged by their threatened fines and punishments. To the honor of Queen Anne, when her likeness, as exhibited in her bust, and on golden coins of her realm, appeared without drapery, in order to suit the mode of the day, she ordered both to be altered, and be reissued with proper covering. Many of her wayward subjects, both in her kingdom and colonies, declined to comply with her wish, so modestly intimated. Not till the year of her decease, in 1714, was there much alteration for the better. This reform increased and continued a long period. It was disturbed 25 years ago, and its opponent prevailed five years. Then its was again restored by the good sense of our most influential ladies. May its triumph no more come to an end. We are all well aware, that there are many among both males and females, of pure principles and morality, who are unwillingly drawn into compliance with such customs. With regard to a doubtful fashion, people of this character are apprehensive, lest they may be deemed odd, if they do not adopt it, and, therefore, they consent with no small degree of constraint. But our motto and practice ought always to be, principle and propriety before expediency and indecorum.

GREAT COATS AND SURTOUTS.

These, as expressed by the French denomination of the latter, signify garments worn over all others. Sixty years ago, they were not so common, in proportion to the people, as they are now. Then, and previously, both sexes were not accustomed to wear so much clothing as they do at present. One reason was, that they, in general, had not the means to purchase more, and had not adopted the habit of thus indulging themselves. A result of this was, that they were more hardy, and did not suffer for the want of a greater quantity. About 1700, Prior speaks of the garment in view;

"The *surtout* if abroad you wear,
Repels the rigor of the air."

From this period there appears to have been a very slow advancement of such an article in public favor. It was made of white Dutch blankets for many an officer in our Revolutionary corps. Within 35 years, it has abounded, compared with its former use. The various other garments, which, though looser than the surtout, go under the name of great coats, have multiplied in this period. They speak many a good word as to our care for the body, whatever may be our care for the mind.

Having considered the habiliments of males, in connexion with part of them for females, we will proceed to notice some more of them, immediately belonging, with few exceptions, to the latter sex.

FANS.

These were brought from Italy into England. They were very scarce in the reign of Mary. Though she wore a crown, yet she obtained by stealth one of these articles from a woman, who dealt in them. She was called to account for this act, by Philip, her husband, who was, by no means, the most affectionate of partners. It might have been, however, that he, knowing fans to be used in Italy, for the most part, by women of low fancy, was fearful lest her majesty would sink her dignity more by displaying one, than promote her comfort. The fan was known by our primitive mothers and their daughters. With them it was nothing near so common, as it has been in our day. So cheaply and readily can it now be obtained, that our youngest misses could hardly suspect, that ever a Queen was denied, in summer's heat, the gratification of its undulating breezes. It is so convenient to frighten away the troublesome insect, and cool the sweltering face, that, let its materials and its thousand representations be what they may, it bids fair to hold its place among the appurtenances of daily and occasional dress.

MASKS.

Poppœa, the wife of Nero, is said to have been the inventor of these, in order to protect the complexion against the wind and sun. They were worn in England prior to the colonization of our country. They came with the emigrants hither. For a long period, the mask was composed of black silk velvet, put on pasteboard, with apertures for the eyes, nose, and mouth. As one way of being made to look more neatly, and kept from falling, it had two large beads, one fitted on each side of the mouth, and held within the teeth. It was a comfortable invention for our ladies, who, for a century and a half, had scarcely any of the present convenient carriages, either private or public, to cover them. In such circumstances, our grandames were glad to avail themselves of a mask, instead of a veil, to defend their faces from the frost of winter, or the tan of summer. While thus resorting to a commodious expedient, they were strangers to the practice which employs such an article in the masquerades of Europe, that will hardly compare in propriety, with the blind man's buff of children. The masks which have been exhibited for the last half century, at the windows of our city toy shops, are mere carricatures of the human phiz, and vended only for the purposes of sport.

Heywood, an old English poet, has an epigram, containing the following laconic dispute between a quarrelsome husband and wife:—

'I wish thou hadst a little narrow mouth, wife,
Little and little to drop out words in strife.'
'And I wish you, Sir, a wide mouth for the nonce,
To speak all that ever you shall speak at once.'

A lady passing through N. Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board:—'Horses taken in to grass. Long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings.' The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. He answered, 'You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short one are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all.'

Silliman's Journal says that the pure sap of the red oak is of itself one of the finest kinds of vinegar known.

Optical Experiment.—Place on white paper, a circular piece of blue silk, about four inches diameter, in the sunshine, place on this a circular piece of yellow three inches in diameter, on this a circle of pink two inches in diameter, on this a circle of green one inch in diameter, on this a circle of indigo halt an inch in diameter, making a small speck with ink in the centre—look on this central point steadily for a minute, and then closing your eyes, and applying your hand at about one inch distance before them, so as to prevent too much light passing through the eyelids, you will see the most beautiful circles of colors the imagination can conceive, not only different from the colors of the silks above mentioned, but the colors will be perpetually changing in kaleidoscope variety as long as they exist.

Some time during the eighteenth century the Spanish Inquisition, in order to deter people from reading books that were deemed heretical and pernicious, placed a picture in the Escurial, representing St Jerome flogged by the angels for the wicked delight he had taken in reading Cicero.

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4. Its great advantage is the luxury of a sacking made elastic by the Swelled Beam, without which the elasticity and comfort is lost, and by which they are peculiarly calculated for comfort during the warm season.
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CHARLES ADAMS, 422 Washington street, a few doors south of Washington Bank, near Elliot street.
☞ The Boston Courier makes the following reference to this article—
'Those who love comfort at night, particularly in hot weather, will do well to look at Mr Adams's advertisement of Swelled Beam Bedsteads, which will be found in another column. Those who have used his bedsteads once will never buy any other. His work stands the test of use and experience.' jy28

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